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HUNDREDS STARVING AND FREEZING IN THE BLEAK NORTH.

A Journal Woman, Despite Tremendous Difficulties, Learns the Gruth Concerning Newfoundland Fishermen.

Note.—Much of Mrs. Masterson's de- | people of Boston sent hundreds of barrels | cases real danger of death from freezing scription of the terrible suffering | of flour to the destitute regions. | All this is within easy reach of the hand along the Newfoundland coast has been delayed by the primitive means but repeated "denials" have been sent out of charity, and it should be extended.

It was most pitiful. I could only think of communication which exist in the by Government officials who never saw the

the Newfoundland coast, via Halifax, N. S.,
Jan. 25.—Dante's inferno of eternal ice and drifted snow and sleet-laden blasts is here empty-handed, with wives and little ones upon this bleak Newfoundland shore. The dependent on them. The Newfoundland and yet I was cold. Many of the poor curse of famine and bitter want is over the land, and, through the awful silence of intensest Winter, death stalks, ice-crowned and robed in glittering garments of snow. Desolate, and seemingly as forgotten as a bit of darkest Russia transplanted to our continent, is this wave-washed coast-its pine trees standing like giant tombs of white, through which bitter winds from the Atlantic chant a dirge of death.

It is a land of Arctic cold, for there is an almost constant downfall of frozen flakes, through which one cannot see. The ground is frozen and ice-coated; the snow has drifted into huge hills, and makes travel or work of any kind next thing to an impossibility. The fishermen are starving with their wives and little ones in their miserable huts along the shores. Some have died. Others are dying. All those that live suffer the keenest agony through privation and cold. There are no doctors minister to them, and wan-eyed women and children crouch together, watching for the grim spectre at the door.

I do not think that people throughout the United States have even the faintest idea of the condition of things here. The great charitable heart of the American nation, and especially of New York's people, throbs too warmly for suffering humanity to let this slege of want and starvation con-tinue. America has sent the Red Cross expedition to the aid of the suffering Ar mentans, and ships laden with grain went across the ocean from New York two years ago to famine-stricken Russia. Ey ery disaster or cry for help has met with a speedy and generous response. These poor Newfoundlanders have been left to starve and freeze apparently because of a gener-

The fact is that the happy-go-lucky tem advantage of by their bondsmen, the merchants of St. John's, who do not pay for the work of their men in money, but in a trading system simiar to that employed with Indians on the Western reservations. The Indians, however, are supported by the American Government, while the New-foundland üshermen toll hard for their scant subsistence and that of their fami-

Twice t year they come up to St. Johns from the fishing colonies along the coast, and the merchants for whom they work dole out to them "supplies," which are supposed to pay for their half year's work. They are as truly slaves as were the negroes of the South, and they are white.

These rations consist of clothing, flour, molasses and bacon. The fuel and the fish the men themselves provide, and in this way they live. They do not handle money. A dollar has no value in the eyes of the Newfoundland fisherman born and bred upon the coast.

He knows that in the Summer he must fish, and that each Spring and Fall he can go to town, and for his fish obtain "stores" for the coming six months. He is unworldly and areadlan in his simplicity and his ignorance of the power that money gives. His wife keeps the house clean and tidy for him. His children grow up about him and live upon the fisheries as their fathers did before them, and the dark sea line that separates the ocean from the sky makes the horizon of their lives.

These colories of fishermen are dotted along the entire coast of Newfoundland, and to all of them this Winter has brought dire distress. Up toward the northern coast, where there are many remote settlements, it is a wonder that the people can live at all during the Winter. For two months no boat ever touches there and no railroad train can reach them. Last Winter the suffering of the Newfoundland fishermen was intense, and despite the efforts of their askmasters, the public got news of the privation and want of these poor people, hemmed in to starve in a prison of lee and cold. The charitable



of communication which exist in the remote districts which she has been this lonely, sea girt island, certainly the ships of the cable running from Hallfax to the mainland. The hardships of the journey, too, have made it impossible for her to complete some details. To a person accustomed to the comparatively mild climate of New York the intense cold of Winter in the far north cannot hat be almost paralyzing. She has succeeded in sending enough, however, to show the truly awful state of affairs which exists among these unfortunate fishermen.

At the Fisherles North of St. John's on While they had given their work from which exist in the face of communication which she has been that the usual stores of the more remote settlements entirely inaccessible by train or sledge, where many poor helpless men, women and children are suffering the tortunes of the damned.

I had reached this place only in the face of the most serious difficulties and dangers. This was followed by a panic, which resulted in the collapse of two of the principal banks, and the money stringency has been great. The result has been that the usual stores of the fishermen, although they have been homestly earned, have been refused to them.

While they had given their work from At the Fisheries North of St. John's on While they had given their work from gale from the east.

All this is within easy reach of the hand

spoke reverently of the "Governand when I suggested that the ment might do septent to re-Government might do something to releve their suffering they looked at me as and swallow me for such treason. They are nearly all English-speaking people, but are big and brawny and much more com-fortably clad than the women. The latter are bright-eyed, good-looking, clean and

tidy in their poor dresses.

In one cabin I found a sick baby and two older children playing with a big shaggy dog. The sick child lay in the bed which served the whole family, with a brighthued Canadian blanket drawn over its wasted little form. The cabin was absolutely without ventilation, but its at-



Greated Slaves of Unscrupulous Traders. and we thought we had enough to last us me. "Huh!" he said, gruffly. "We're no air was so keen and piercing that it made until Spring. But oh, the children have worse than we'll be next Winter. We

is shiftless and I had to help her and the the Summer will soon be here."

children."

This I found to be true when I visited her cousin's house. The Newfoundianders are all related and at one fishery you will find every one of the same name, frequently through intermarriage. They are very generous with each other and share food and candles and clothing, but money they

nother I have written of was misplaced. was hungry-cruelly hungry. ped just in time to try to help the little thing marvellous, and the courage with wrongs they are suffering, shows them no one through the crisis of her fever. But I which they bear up against the cruel cir-

such appetites; and my cousin's husband have to take the bad with the good, and lad to help her and the summer will soon be here."

Want of Food and Fire--- The III-

and candles and clothing, but money they he said, shortly, "and we ask no credit count injustion. The traditions are most

The Governor did not help her in time. Her baby was not "hardy" after all. On my courage and grit in the huts. The endurance of the most amazing with each generation. Their sturdy households and grit in the huts. The endurance of the most amazing with each generation. Their sturdy households and grit in the huts. The endurance of the most amazing of the most amazing with each generation. Their sturdy households are the study households and grit in the huts. The endurance of the most amazing with each generation. Their sturdy households are the study households are was as useless as the Government had commissances which oppress them is ex-been. The little one dled. tremely pathetic. tremely pathetic.

The subline confidence of the poor There's nerve for you! That old man dence which is now one of their strongest Her mother took the new blow stolcally | Except in the cases of mothers with land, seems strangely indifferent to their fate as a people. The Newfoundlanders are a sort of shuttlecock tossed between two opposing parties in a merry game of

> Since the beginning of the pre of hardship among the poor fishers of Newfoundland there has been a decided effort made to cut off their communication with the outside world. Newfoundsula, and traffic is so infrequent at this season of the year, that little is heard rom the island except the turmoil of politics with which it teems.

on the Newfoundland coast, and levies a bounty on the Government for all fish caught in its territory, called forth many a burst of indignant oratory from Hallfax residents whom I spoke to, but the fact that the fishermen and their wives and children are sta-

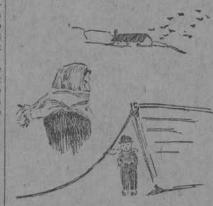
choice speciment of Dennis Kearneyism in its language and expression. He chara) terizes the press representatives as "yelp punishment. While at Halifax I was also tion any story of the Newfoundland tron bles going out, and when I expressed my mote fishers on the northern coast, considerable consternation was manifested.

One leading man at Hallfax endeavored





The Interior of a Newfoundland Fisherman's Log Hut-"We Have to Live Now Wholly on Dried Fish. Our Flour Is Al! Gone. We Cannot Get Wood for Fire."-Temperature 15 Degrees Below Zero.



women in the fishermen's buts which I vis- The bright eyes of the little one on the at first; but when I went away she was ted had only thin cotton garments, and bed, as well as its red cheeks, bespoke a seized with frantic grief. At last she

snowshoes creaked over the glazed crust "No. Everything's covered with snow had never heard. She knew that the Unithe sound was startlingly distinct, for the quiet of the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is needed to the gales blow from the sea among the place is needed to the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. When the gales blow from the sea among the place is almost ghostly. This winter is hard, but it won't last long, and where everybody is rich and happy, but she did not realize that I came from the gales blow from the sea among the place trees the sound produced is a desolate soughing that is indescribably mouraful. But over the treeless spaces the silence hary four own voice. The words seem to freeze in the air. The hips we visited promises and fine words instead of flour, molasses and clothing, and tried to make the best of it. But the sharp sting of were of one story. About the exterior up toted plue trees of the smaller variety where the best of it. But the sharp sting of where the smaller variety were piled as a sort of barrier against the saw wanding them from their good-natured lethargy. They realize that they have been defranced, now, but they stand helpless tied hand and foot, to die like the herrings frozen in the harbor.

From early morning to-day until now, late at of the dishermen, and have found many of the same of the dishermen, and have found many of the same of the dishermen, and have found many of the same of acceptance of the same and the window with part and raps?" I was surprised to the same and the window with paper and raps?" I will do something to help us."

"Why don't you pack the spaces around the window with paper and raps?" I will do something to help us."

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"Why don't you pack the space around the wind way, and the window with paper and raps?" I will do something to help us."

"Who have deliding the free or four open for the the wailing 'the the wailing that is

fire.

It is hard to describe in words the scenes in some of the houses. Many of them were completely isolated and miles from any other habitations. The snow which the drivers and I passed over was unmarked by any track of man or beast. As our snowshoes creaked over the glaged crost.

They will be well in a couple of days."

"But can't you get wood enough for a fire?"

"No. Eversthing!"

Seized with frantic grief. At last she seemed to realize her pitiful pilght.

"Tell them to send us something!" killed her. Oh! Oh! They killed her. Oh! Oh! They must'nt kill the others! Tell them to send us something!

"But can't you get wood enough for a fire?"

"No. Eversthing!"

"No. Eversthing!"